

Car. Whil'ft our Commiffion from Rome is read,
Let Silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all fides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't fo, proceed.

Seri. Say, *Henry K.* of England, come into the Court.

Crier. *Henry King* of England, &c.

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine Queene* of England,
Come into the Court.

Crier. *Katherine Queene* of England, &c.

*The Queene makes no answer, riles out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feet. Then fpeakes.*

Sir, I defire you do me Right and Iuftice,
And to beftow your pity on me; for
I am a moft poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more affurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what haue I offended you? What caufe
Hath my behauiour giuen to your difpleafure,
That thus you fhould proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witneffe,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Diflike,
Yea, fubie& to your Countenance: Glad, or forry,
As I faw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Defire?
Or made it nor mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not ftrove to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence difcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue bene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleffed
With many Children by you. If in the courfe
And proceffe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, againft mine Honour, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Against your Sacred Perfon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowle Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and fo giue me vp
To the fharp'ft kinde of Iuftice. Pleafe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moft Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wifeft Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wife Councell to them
Of eueery Reahne, that did debate this Bufineffe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Befeech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, i'th name of God
Your pleafure be fulfill'd.

Vol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) thefe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of fingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are affembled
To pleade your Caufe. It fhall be therefore bootleffe,

That longer you defire the Court; as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnfeited in the King.

Camp. His Grace

Hath fpoken well, and iuftly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seffion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I fpeake.

Vol. Your pleafure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd fo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
He turne to fparkes of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punifh me. I do beleuee
(Induc'd by potent Circumftances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You fhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I fay againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refufe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moft malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.

Vol. I do profefse

You fpeake not like your felfe: who euer yet
Haue flood to Charity, and difplayd the effects
Of difpofition gentle, and of wifedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene againft you, nor iniuftice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiffion from the Conffitorie,
Yea, the whole Conffitorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is prefent: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainfay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falfehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue thefe Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneffe fhall fpeake in, I do befeech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your fpeaking,
And to fay fo no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a fimple woman, much too weake
To poffe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mou'd
You figne your Place, and Calling, in full feeming,
With Meekneffe and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highneffe fauors,
Gone fightly o're lowe fteppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domettickes to you) ferue your will, as't please
Your felfe pronounce their Office. I muft tell you,
You tender more your perfons Honor, then
Your high profeflion Spirituall. That agen
I do refufe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appraile vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Caufe fore his Holineffe,
And to be iudg'd by him.

She Curries to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obftinate,
Stubborne to Iuftice, apt to accufe it, and
Difdainfull to be tri'd by't; tis not well.

Shee's going away.

King. Call her againe.

Crier. *Katherine, Q.* of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Vp. Madam, you are call'd backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,

When you are call'd returne. Now the Lord helpe,

They vex me past my patience, pray you paffe on;

I will not tarry: no, nor euer more.

Vpon this bufineffe my appearance make,

In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

King. Goe thy wayes Kate,
That man i'th' world, who fhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trufted,
For fpeaking falfe in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meekneffe Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Souveraigne and Pious els, could fpeake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, the ha's
Carried her felfe towards me.

Vol. Moft gracious Sir,
In humbleft manner I require your Highnes,
That it fhall please you to declare in hearing
Of all thefe cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muft I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully fatisfide) whether euer I
Did broach this bufineffe to your Highnes, or
Laid any fcruple in your way. whi. h might
Induce you to the queftion on'tor euer
Haue to you, but with thanks to God for fuch
A Royall Lady, fpeake one, the leaft word that might
Beto the preiudice of her prefent State,
Or touch of her good Perfon?

King. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excufe you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be caught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are fo; but like to Village Curres,
Bark when their fellows doe. By fome of thefe
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more iuftifide? You euer
Haue with'd the fleeping of this bufineffe, neuer defir'd
It to be ftir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
The paffages made toward it; on my Honour,
I fpeake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mu'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't)
Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conffience firft receiv'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Embaffador,
Who had bene hither fent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: Ith' Progreffe of this bufineffe,
Ere a determinate refolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did require a refpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertife,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Refpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager.
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This refpite fhooke